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The Man of Galilee

THE MAN OF GALILEE

A New Enquiry

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The Man of Galilee

A New Enquiry

".....of quite perennial infinite character; whose significance will ever demand to be anew inquired into, and anew made manifest."

CARLYLE

BY

GEORGE R. WENDLING

OLCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHARLES TOWN, W. VA.

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Typesetting and Electrotypes
by
W. F. Roberts Company
Washington, D. C.

A revision and enlargement of the
author's lecture entitled

"THE MAN OF GALILEE"

Library Edition

Author's Preface
to the
Library Edition

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

A NEW presentation of the great theme discussed in this volume can never escape hostile criticism. That subject, very strangely, never evokes peace, but always here and there a sword.

And for many reasons it is well that this is so. It is not only a verification of His saying that He came not to bring peace, but it also shows how very closely to the hearts of men He lies, how jealously all men would preserve their own conceptions of Him, and how vital and fresh the question always is: What think ye of Him; whose son is He?

While many reviews of this book have appeared since it was published a few months ago, nearly all of those reviews carrying a measure of approbation very gratifying to the author, still, a very influential minority, worthy of great respect, question (in some instances very harshly) the value of the

argument because, it is said, the author ignores the results of Historical Criticism, adheres to ancient and discarded landmarks, and seems to be unaware of the fact that modern scholarship repudiates as unauthentic much of the Four Gospels, especially many passages which the author cites.

This criticism is accepted with a certain sense of its justice, in that it shows how inadequately the author performed the task which he set before himself, how, perhaps, he might with much advantage have gone further afield. That task, however, was to take the Four Biographies, knowing fairly well all that Modern Criticism says about them, and ask two questions:

(1) *Is the character presented in those biographies in any material respect fictitious?*

(2) *Are the actions and the utterances which are there attributed to Him, Godlike?*

If the book helps the reader to answer that first question negatively, and the second question affirmatively, the author has accomplished his purpose without stopping on the way to deal with many of the real merits, and much of the groundless pretension, of the critics of those Four Biographies. In other words, he assumes the truthfulness of the Four Witnesses as they appear to-day upon the witness stand, as they testify in the current versions of the New Testament, and he makes that assumption, not in defiance or ignorance of Criticism, but in order to show that the testimony of those witnesses, as it stands, presents a state of facts which that Criticism cannot discredit, because that state of facts consists of:—

(1) *A character beyond the power of human ingenuity to invent:*

(2) *Wisdom, power, and perfection which no other person on earth ever possessed:*

(3) *A literature which the greatest geniuses of the world cannot duplicate.*

Therefore, while the author repeats that he is conscious of the imperfect execution of his work, and while he might reply that he has made, in the fourteenth chapter of this book, ample and grateful recognition of the splendid achievements of those Historical critics whose aim is not destructive, he nevertheless submits that until the hostile critics of the New Testament can overthrow the inferences thus legitimately drawn from the data at hand, the inferences prove the data, and the data prove the inferences. Or, to put the matter in another form: If the record as it stands, or the record with the accepted emendations made by impartial critics, discloses a divine personality, the material for that record must in some way have emanated from a divine being, and therefore so much of the record as makes such a disclosure is

trustworthy, and thus we reach a Divine Christ and a Divine Book.

Nor is this an example of that fallacious reasoning which is called "arguing in a circle", as some of the reviewers have alleged. Rather, may it not be said, it is taking the scattered segments and showing by placing them together that the result is a perfect circle. It is not the reasoning then, but the result that suggests the circle—the very symbol of infinitude.

Will the reader permit a very simple illustration of the author's method in this book: We see in a certain quarter of the heavens the brightness, and at the same time we feel the warmth, of the sun, and when we so feel and so see, no criticism of astronomical theories can overthrow our conviction that the heat and the light prove the existence there of the sun, and the existence of the sun explains the presence here of the light and the heat. Now, on just that

sort of reasoning men reach a majority of their convictions every day in business, politics, law, science and philosophy. Why not then in religion? It is very far from reasoning in a circle to assume that a certain mass of phenomena may be accounted for by a certain set of conditions, and then turn about and find that those conditions alone can produce the phenomena. It is, if you please, reasoning by hypothesis; it is just the kind of reasoning that runs all through the most certain of all sciences, the higher mathematics; it is the kind of reasoning that Chief Justice Marshall and Judge Story and other great jurists use in their most famous decisions; and it is precisely the method by which Lord Kelvin, Helmholtz, Darwin, Agassiz, Newton, Kepler and Galileo made their greatest discoveries. Those great lawyers guided by an extraordinary judicial instinct, and those world-famous scientists led on by what is called the scientific imagination,

often reasoned from mere hypothesis to supposed conditions, and thence reached accepted facts. It is also worth noting that their initial steps were often mere acts of Faith, for an hypothesis always implies a certain degree of faith, and then in the final analysis their Faith became merged into demonstrations little short of mathematical certainty.

If these illustrious men entered into their various kingdoms by a method so simple, so childlike, and yet so profound, if indeed after all is said the profoundest things are when once we apprehend them always the simplest, is there not a depth of wisdom which we have not yet sounded in His great saying that we must become as children if we would find our way into His Kingdom?

And once more it is well worth noting, that while theologians differ among themselves about that requisite initial step called Faith, and in truth have made

many sceptics by their disputations about the word and by their definitions, the fact remains that it does require a simple act of faith to come, though it requires something more to see. Was ever a new experiment made in any laboratory, or was any tentative process of reasoning ever begun that did not involve some faith? The final and consummated faith which He asked for is not faith minus reason, minus investigation, but faith plus investigation, plus the fullest enquiry that the human mind is capable of. If a Darwin then, or a Newton, or a Kepler can respond to that far call which nature's wonders made to them and "come" with faith in ultimate discovery, are we irrational or illogical if at first we listen in that same simple faith to the call which Nathanael heard concerning the most wonderful being that ever appeared upon the earth—the call to first come, and then see?

G. R. W.

Who then is this that
even the wind and
the sea obey him?

Come, see a man
which told me all
things that ever I did

Introduction

THE MAN OF GALILEE

A New Enquiry

INTRODUCTION

MEN who are now a little past middle life read in their youth two books which marked an epoch in the history of modern thought—those famous books by Strauss and Renan. Quickly following came Ecce Homo and Ecce Deus, and Lives of the Christ by Geike, Farrar, Edersheim, Schenkel, Keim and many other writers, and almost innumerable monographs upon every controverted point. Within the same period of ferment and

unrest there came in full force a tide which had long been slowly rising, the tide of the greatest revolution in the domain of physical science and in the field of mental and moral philosophy that has occurred since the Christian era began. We refer, of course, to the movement signalized by the appearance of Darwin's "Origin of Species" and "The Descent of Man"—a movement summed up in the phrase, "The Doctrine of Evolution." Running parallel with the far-reaching discussion which followed the advent of Darwin and his great contemporaries, Tyndall, Spencer, Huxley, and Wallace, there was also renewed activity on the part of the School

of Higher Criticism, making ostensible havoc with the text of the Old Testament and the New. Amid the tempestuous waves of that world-wide controversy which was provoked by these various and popular currents of opinion, many non-essential and some essential features of the Old Theology met with apparent shipwreck.

So, it has come about, that in the years which have elapsed since this memorable time of "storm and stress" began the thoughts of men have travelled fast and far. A new reckoning, therefore, with new land-marks and new connotations must be taken if a thoughtful person would formulate a definite and

satisfactory opinion upon the ever-recurring question of the Deity of Jesus Christ, and at the same time remain in touch with the advancing scholarship and with the analytical spirit of the day. This analytical spirit, and the psychological bias of our age, must inevitably result in a current conception of the Great Galilean which will either strengthen or weaken belief in His divine nature.

Say what we will about the admirable Ethics of the New Testament, or about the beautiful, even the matchless character of the Nazarene, the whole ques-

tion of the very life or speedy death of Christianity lies, nevertheless, wrapped up to-day, as it always has been, in the question of the Deity of Jesus Christ. Indeed, in the present state of the public mind one need care very little about this or that System of theology, for in the presence of that greater question all else is, for the time being unimportant. It is so often said that a marked decline of faith has set in that many thoughtful persons believe it. That decline is said by eminent observers to be plainly visible everywhere, both in pulpit and in pew. But what is meant? A decline of faith in what? Simply in the divinity of Jesus Christ. For, the men and women

of today who believe that it was a mysterious manifestation of God Himself that moved for a season among men as the living Christ, have no doubt at all of a future life ; they have no doubt whatever of the sufficiency of the Bible ; and they need no argument to lead them into that co-operative effort which results in a Church. Hence, the paramount question is today, and always will be, the supernatural character of the Great Galilean. The inspiration of the Bible, the doctrine of a future state, and other problems which perplex the seeker after religious truth, are all subordinate to this question of the divinity of Jesus Christ, they fasten themselves to

it and range themselves about it dependently, as a spiral stairway is attached to a massive column, leading up to clouds of doubt and darkness, or up into the sunlight.

The present writer undertook the enquiry which is outlined in this volume for the satisfaction of his own mind, to decide doubts which recent criticism had insinuated, and to widen, somewhat, the foundation on which his convictions rested. For himself, that enquiry has made assurance stronger. For others, he hopes that in the thoughts presented here — fragmentary as the pre-

sentation is, and often mere suggestion—intelligent Faith may find a firmer foothold, and intellectual Doubt a kindly light.

"Maplehurst,"
Charles Town,
West Virginia.

I

A New Point of View

THE MAN OF GALILEE

A New Enquiry

I

A NEW POINT OF VIEW

THE Mental Life of the Man of Galilee presents some of the most fascinating problems in the entire field of psychological phenomena.

There is offered in this volume the Outline of a new enquiry into the alleged divinity of the Galilean—not new as implying discovery, nor new as meaning that nothing herein can be found

elsewhere, for it is an enquiry necessarily interwoven with many old and familiar arguments —but all newly grouped and based upon a new analysis of His intellectual qualities.

This enquiry touches some undeveloped chapters in His life, lays more than usual stress on internal evidence, seeks to place the controversy as to His supernatural origin on a broader basis, and is a Study in psychology and in comparative religion.

Let it be said at once that the Mental Life which is to be examined critically but not irreverently in these pages, exhibits an unparalleled combination of

the highest intellectual powers, and furnishes a supreme manifestation of pure intellectual force, depth, and clearness. Subjecting His mental processes and the general scope, poise, and strength of His intellect to the same dispassionate and judicial analysis with which we appraise Plato's philosophy or form a critical estimate of Shakespeare's genius, we cannot escape, even if we would, the conviction that in the presence of the Great Galilean we are face to face with the most majestic mind that the human race has known.

Now, it is conceivable that if a supernatural or divine being

should assume the form of man and pass through the natural stages of birth, childhood, manhood, and death, He would thereby necessarily subject Himself to the physical limitations of humanity, *but not to the intellectual limitations.* Thus, it is not only conceivable but it is to be expected that He may be weary, He may need sleep, He may be an hungered, He may suffer physical pain. *It is, however, inconceivable that a divine being shall be ignorant of any fact, past, present, or future.*

Does the Man of Galilee meet this condition? Does He impress us as one possessed not merely of the wisdom of a Hebrew seer, and of an immaculate character,

and of the occult power of a miracle-worker, but possessed also of *the immeasurable insight, the infallible judgment, the all-comprehending knowledge, and the transcendent prescience of a God?*

Whether any one else has been led by long and careful study of the mental qualities of the Galilean to a recognition of His towering intellectual superiority, and thence to an acceptance of Him as an infallible guide, this writer cannot say, but it is here, in the presence of His Intellectual Life, that a student of mental phenomena is awed, here that a feeling of strange solemnity comes over us, here that the question involuntarily starts to one's lips,—Is He not divine?

If after nineteen hundred years of discussion new proofs are discernible from this point of view, those proofs must not on account of their novelty be distrusted, for if later on it is found that the word "Infinite" is applicable to Him, it must follow that infinite revealings and endless disclosures of Him are to be made from time to time as the years come and go. Some sixteen hundred years of incessant study of the New Testament passed by before Paley made that brilliant discovery of the undesigned coincidences between the writings of St. Luke and St. Paul. The sixth chapter of a recent book by Fisher of Yale College entitled, "The grounds of Theistic and Christian

Belief," is another remarkable instance of new light streaming forth from the record when investigation is guided by the hand and insight of genius. No chapter in any modern scientific work is more original in method and results. "The greatness of Christ," says Gordon, "must be the surprise of the centuries; the last hours of time must have for their romance the fresh unveilings of his Majesty; and the perpetual delight of the everlasting future must be the ever grander discovery of his significance."

In a recent and very able publication, DISSERTATIONS ON SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH THE

INCARNATION: CANON GORE, may be found a valuable compendium of theological opinion from the second century to the nineteenth, concerning the Infallibility of Christ. It seems remarkable, however, that none of the great Apologists has presented certain phases of the intellectual life of the Galilean as an argument for his supernatural origin. On the contrary, some of those writers intimate that to press an enquiry along this line involves a degree of irreverence inconsistent with a proper recognition of the profound mysteries of the Incarnation. That, we submit, is "irreligious solicitude for God." If he—the Galilean—is to be, as Canon Gore says, "a

real object of contemplation for the intellect as well as for the heart," then the enquiry attempted in these pages has become, in the evolution of Christian thought, an inevitable enquiry.

II

Mental Characteristics

II

Mental Characteristics

LET us measure Him then against God, and see if there be a difference in stature.

If any feel that this is irreverent, let it be remembered that more than once He invited such comparison. Let it also be remembered that such an invitation implies that men are

capable of making that comparison, and of drawing a trustworthy conclusion from it.

So, we say again, and reverently, let us measure Him against God and see if there be a difference in stature. If there be no difference, then we have two infinite personalties. That is not only impossible but unthinkable. There can not be two distinct, separate, infinite beings in one universe. If both are infinite, they must in some mysterious way be One.

Observe, in the first place, that the mind of Jesus Christ is on all occasions and under all circum-

stances as lucid as light, and then observe that not even the mind of a child has such direct and perfect simplicity.

No excitement in the surrounding crowds, no perils, no threatenings, no sorrow or grief, no weariness, nothing whatever at any time casts the slightest shadow across the clearness of His mind. It seems an imposibility for any untoward accident to cause Him mental confusion. With this thought study His whole career again, and the remarkable fact will appear that, unlike all other men, He is not dependent on favoring physical conditions for His highest intellectual work. Under circumstances which would render

consecutive and lucid thinking impossible to other men, His mind preserves its exquisite balance and moves on, as radiant and as clear as the sun in a summer sky.

He is, we say, not only the clearest, but He is at all times the most simple teacher of profound truth that ever came among men.

The very commonest things of everyday life form on all occasions the staple of all His phrases :

Birds.

Lilies.

Ripe corn.

Flowers.

The ploughman.

The sower sowing seed.

The lost sheep.

The lost coin.

The cup and the platter

The lamp and the candlestick.

Foxes and sheepfolds.

The meal and the leaven.

The hen and her chickens.

Doves and sparrows.

Fish and bread.

Eggs and serpents.

Wheat and oil.

Oxen and lambs.

Dogs and swine.

Rocks and sand.

Rain and wind.

White harvest fields.

Red sunsets, and lowering skies.

Is it strange, with His wonderful use of common things, that the common people heard Him gladly? Study this phase of His mental life deeply. Burns and Goldsmith, Bunyan and De Foe are modern instances of great genius combined with great simplicity. But they brought a simple style to simple subjects, while here is perfect simplicity dealing with the profoundest problems that can engage the human mind.

Simplicity with clearness is the very highest test of genius in a teacher.

Can we find simpler words than He uses to express His meaning?

Many of Shakespere's lines can be changed for the better; this is proved by the suggestions of a hundred commentators. But the most accomplished writer cannot rewrite one of the Galilean's parables and improve it. Voltaire says that the adjective is the enemy of the noun, and Emerson wisely says that adjectives are always a source of weakness. The Galilean uses none. In His utterances, as recorded by His biographer Matthew, may be found seventy six different words which a grammarian would technically call adjectives, but without a single exception every one of them is an essential and indispensable part of the substantive with which it is connected, and

hence not merely an adjective. Paul is rhetorical now and then, and so are the Hebrew prophets, but is it not a strange thing, speaking from a purely literary point of view, that the most beautiful and the most pathetic sentences that ever fell on the ear of man should be independent of all literary artifice?

Let us observe here that the oriental mind always broods long on a single point. This has been an unvarying characteristic of the oriental mind since its earliest recorded utterances. This peculiarity of the Eastern intellect is seen in the constant repetitions

in the Hymns of the Rig Veda, in the numerous reiterations in the Psalms of David, in the lofty prose of Isaiah, and it still survives, as may be seen in the orations delivered by the oriental representatives at the World's Religious Parliament. Not only has the oriental mind that striking and invariable peculiarity, but also the oriental mode of speech is oracular. The western mind is systematic, and western speech is more fluent and expressive, but the Galilean's style is neither oriental nor western. He uses figures of speech but He does not think in images. There is no speech in any language that equals His in transparency and directness. Renan says that in

going through the Gospels whenever we touch His words "we feel them vibrate."

His singular simplicity will perhaps account, in part, for this strange mental phenomenon: He is the only teacher that has appeared among men who can be sufficiently comprehended without any conscious effort of attention. It seems as if He sent His words forth like living spirits to go forever through the world, and as for His sentences,

"They hang like banners in the air."

Observe next that the Galilean is seemingly destitute of the logical faculty.

There is not enough of formal logic in all of the four Gospels to make one syllogism.

The only approach to a statement in logical form is the following from Luke's narrative:

"Now that the dead are raised, even Moses shewed at the bush, when he calleth the Lord the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. For, he is not a God of the dead, but of the living; for all live unto him."

As one premise is lacking, the argument is obviously defective if intended to rest merely on its logic. The whole passage—one

of exquisite beauty—is clearly meant, however, as an authoritative revelation, not as a piece of reasoning. It is one of two or three glimpses of the other world which He allowed His followers to get—a flash-light, as it were, into the Beyond—or, shall we say, a momentary lifting of a corner of the curtain.

Consciously or unconsciously every man, in dealing with grave problems, must use the forms of logic; the very constitution of the human mind compels us to say *that* is so, and *that* is so, and therefore *this* is so. But not a trace of this method can be found in the mental operations of the Galilean. Buddha reasons, argues, gives definitions,

draws inferences, toils slowly and painfully, step by step, up to the great height which he finally reaches. Can any thoughtful person fail to perceive the immense difference between the intellectual quality of the calm, effortless, majestic utterances of the Galilean, and the intellectual struggle disclosed in the following passage from Buddha?

"From appetences, formative and organizing, rises awareness or feelings. Feelings beget organisms that live as individual beings. These organisms develop the six fields, that is the five senses and the mind. The six fields come in contact with things. Contact begets sensation. Sensation creates the thirst of individualized being. The thirst of being creates a

cleaving to things. The cleaving produces the growth and continuation of selfhood. Selfhood continues in renewed births. The renewed births of selfhood are the cause of suffering, old age, sickness, and death. They produce lamentation, anxiety, and despair."

Is it not clear that complete absorption in a long process of deep meditation is Buddha's method? Effort, continuous effort, is always discernible in his highest utterances. It is the same with Confucius whose mental processes are also plainly deductive. As an intellectual force Mahomet is not comparable to either Buddha or Confucius; in parts the Koran is labored and childish.

But the Man of Galilee in His intellectual movement is as easy as God.

The entire absence of effort, not only in His marvelous works but also in His marvelous discourses, is one of the most astonishing things about the Galilean. When exercising his most amazing powers He seems to be merely pursuing the even tenor of His way. When He performs His most wonderful works, or utters His most wonderful thoughts, nothing whatever in His demeanor betrays any consciousness that He is in the slightest degree above His ordinary level. He deals intuitively with the most difficult and stupendous questions. He never

demonstrates anything. There is concealed argument in some of His parables, it is true, but it takes the form of argument in the mind of the listener, not in the mind of the speaker. How profound was that statement, "He never learned." We cannot escape the feeling that He was never taught anything.

Every great man is related intellectually to other great men. In a certain sense a great man is always an evolution from preceding and surrounding forces; he is a peak in a mountain range.

But intellectually the Galilean stands alone. In this particular he is absolutely isolated.

Again, there is nothing of the mathematician in him. He knows numbers, of course, but not the science of numbers. In other words, the theorems, equations, and various mathematical processes by which Newton, Kepler, and La Place solved problems of wonderful magnitude would seem incongruous in the hands of the Galilean. One can never believe Him to be in need of an hypothesis.

It escapes definition, baffles analysis, and eludes accurate statement, but there the fact is that in a singular way He impresses us as already possessed of the wisdom which other men must strive to attain.

"Perhaps the most impressive result of the scientific apprehension of the order of the world"—we quote from Prof. Diman of Harvard in his great argument for Theism—"has been the ascertainment of the fact that the laws of the physical universe are laws of mathematical relations. Thus the law of gravitation, which rules the grain of dust in the sunbeam and the farthest orb that revolves beyond the reach of human vision, is a definite

numerical law. The curves which the heavenly bodies describe around the sun and around one another belong to the class of curves known as conic sections. The laws of chemical combination always admit of precise numerical expression. Each color in the rainbow that spans the arch of heaven, and makes the heart leap up, is due to a certain number of vibrations within a given time, and so are the long drawn notes of the organ that uplift the soul in praise, or the accents of the human voice melting with tenderness from a mother's lips, or thrilling the ear with the accents of anguish and despair. A crystal is frozen geometry. * * * In the struc-

ture of matter we are everywhere confronted with the same system of definite proportions."

When, therefore, in His impressive discourse to the Twelve the Galilean said: "But the very hairs of your head are all numbered," can we doubt that He had a perfectly clear perception of the fact, established by modern science, that the laws of the physical universe are laws of mathematical proportions?

For Him there are no problems. The ascertained facts of astronomy, geology, botany, chemistry, and of other sciences would fall easily within His mental range, but we can see that here is a mind that would know nothing of the processes of higher mathe-

matics—does not need those processes. Why is this? For the same reason that He seems to know nothing of logic.

What is that reason?

Before answering let us go further.

We next observe that He knows nothing of metaphysics. He is spiritual but never metaphysical. Thousands of volumes of metaphysical dissertation have been based on His utterances, but the whole domain of metaphysical subtleties and reasoning and terminology is foreign ground to Him. He indulges in no ab-

stractions. Herein He differs from any philosopher that we know of.

Now let the reader's attention be called to a very astonishing thing:—the element of Time, in its relation to the development and consummation of His Plan, never appears in any of His mental operations. He seems to be always looking beyond the horizon, out over all the expanse of Time.

We are not referring to the kindred fact, wonderful in itself, that with only a few months of His thirty years of earthly life He

changed the whole current of human history, but we mean to call attention to the strange thing that He is everywhere and always unconscious of the divisions of Time. Years, months, and weeks, never seem to enter into His reckonings with reference to Himself. It is not meant that He does not act upon a knowledge of their existence with reference to others, but so far as Himself, His plan, His future, or His past are concerned, He always seems oblivious of Time. He appears to have no yesterday, today, and tomorrow. Once or twice He speaks of His "hour," His "day" and His "time," but He does not use the words in their limited sense. In perfect

congruity with all this, we are not told, nor can we learn, the day of the month, nor the month of the year, nor the year of the world, in which He was born.

His whole life upon the earth has all the marks of an interlude. In both prologue and epilogue, or rather in overture and finale, the rhythmic undertones blend with audible strains of celestial music coming before and after.

How vivid, how real, how genuine are His strange and unfathomed references to great events in which He was a participant before He came into this world, and to still other events of indescribable magnitude in which He will take part after He leaves.

One cannot read His biography without seeing that, of an interior necessity, there are unwritten chapters at the beginning and at the end.

This does not arise from any obscurity in the narrative, for that narrative is so luminous that the central figure seems poised in a bright light between two eternities. It arises from His mysterious relation to those eternities.

In a word, He sustains the same relation to Time that He would sustain if He were the Eternal One.

Nothing—whether the report be truth or fiction—nothing more profound and penetrating ever fell from the lips of the great Napoleon than when he said at

St. Helena: "Christ proved that He was the Son of the Eternal by His disregard *of time;* all His doctrines signify one and the same thing—Eternity."

Let us now say that these four things, logic, mathematics, metaphysics, and the element of time, have no necessary connection with the highest form of intellect.

A perfectly clear intellect reaches its conclusions without the aid of logic.

A perfectly clear intellect attains its end unaided by the calculations of mathematics.

Such an intellect can comprehend its own operations without the formulas, and is above the cloudland, of metaphysics.

Such an intellect sees the whole field instantly and has no need of time.

A perfectly clear intellect is Godlike.

And Jesus Christ has the only perfectly clear intellect that has been known among men.

Let us proceed to notice five other mental characteristics which can be found combined in no other man.

(1) He never has a shadow of doubt or uncertainty about anything. Moses, Elijah, Buddha, Mahomet, Pascal, Luther, Calvin, Swedenborg, Wesley—all had periods of uncertainty and misgiving: this man never. Never do we find in any of His utterances any perplexity.

We never find Him carefully balancing the probable and the improbable.

He never conjectures.

He is never afraid of going too far.

He has no consciousness that there is for Him any mystery in life or nature, in man or God.

Will the reader pause for a moment and reflect on the amazing fact that here is a person who

has no sense of mystery in the presence of the Infinite?—a person who passes in and out, as it were, of the Holy of Holies, unabashed, unembarrassed, and with perfect freedom.

He has no intellectual curiosity. The whole universe and all its secrets seem an open book to Him.

He always speaks with the uncompromising authority of eternal omniscience.

In saying all this we do not forget that oft-quoted and much-mooted passage which seems to imply a limitation on His knowledge, the passage where He said that not even the Son knew when the day of judgment should come, for it is so clearly a *self-imposed*

limitation that it cannot be called ignorance. So, too, when He asks questions, as He often does, they are, while interrogative in form, in fact always suggestions or incentives to thought or action. Never in a single instance, when the context is examined, can the question be construed as an expressed or implied confession that He is seeking needed information.

"How many loaves have ye?"

"Whom do men say that I the son of man am?"

"What will ye that I shall do unto you?" (To the two blind men).

"What think ye of Christ? Whose Son is he?"

"Who touched me?"

"Have ye here any meat?"

"Where have ye laid him?"

Each one of these enquiries, as well as every other that He ever made, indicates a desire on His part, not to obtain information but to direct and fix the undivided attention of those who were about Him upon one of His impressive utterances, or upon the marvelous thing about to happen. To this broad statement not an exception is found in the Four Gospels.

This writer is not unfamiliar with the arguments of those theologians, both ancient and modern, who have insisted that the questions asked by the Galilean imply a need for information, and to that extent indicate the pres-

ence of merely human intelligence. But we repeat, with all the emphasis which those Four Gospels can lend, that every question that He ever asked is a suggestion or incentive to thought or action on the part of those who were about Him, and in no single instance is it an expressed or implied confession of ignorance. When, also, it is said, speaking of His growth from infancy to manhood, that He increased in wisdom, one cannot but feel that the phrase is merely a description of an orderly manifestation and preordained development from within, not of an artificial acquisition from without. Where, indeed, in all the world was the teacher, the school,

the synagogue, or the philospher that could impart to Him the infallibility which He claims? So, with that quotation which He makes from one of the Psalms, that bewildering *Eloi, lama sabacthani*, of the Cross, it must have a meaning, if we ever learn that meaning—for no one on earth knows it—a meaning not inconsistent with a perfect knowledge of all things.

(2) Again: He is never surprised.

"When Jesus heard it he marvelled, and said to them that followed, verily I say unto you, I

have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel."

"And he marvelled because of their unbelief."

The want of an exact equivalent in our language to the original word translated "marvel" may or may not account for that word "marvel" in the foregoing and kindred passages. Surprise, however, consists in being taken unawares by an unforeseen event, and none of the passages is contradictory of our statement, for nothing in any of the incidents described was invested with such mystery as to occasion surprise.

(3) Again: He never entertains any suspicions.

(4) Again: He is never found deliberating or taking counsel with Himself or with others and weighing His words. We may say of Him what can be said of no other man: He had wisdom without reflection.

(5) Again: He is never hurried.

We have said that these five characteristics could not be found combined in one man ; let us now say that we cannot find any one of them singly in any mind of which we have any record.

Let us observe next that experience is not a factor in His mental life. He knew no more at the end of his ministry than at the beginning: He knew as much at the beginning as at the end.

All men grow by experience after contact with the world, they strengthen and develop. He did not. Think of Him as a philoso-

pher, and He is as profound at the first as at the last. Think of Him as a teacher, and His first utterances are as powerful as anything later. There are no transitional periods in His mental life in which He passes from a lower to a higher plane of thinking, or from a narrow to a broader range. Even with the mighty Paul one can detect a firmer mental grasp of his subject and can discern intellectual progress by comparing his later with his earlier Epistles. With the Galilean there is no such development. At some time in his career every man, even the very greatest, says something weak, has chaff in his wheat, but the Man of Galilee never made a

mistake in His whole life, never committed an error of judgment, never failed to adopt the right course in an emergency, or say the right thing. A famous English writer has said:

"Sagacious Mahometans are often troubled and scandalized by the secret misgiving that, after all, their Prophet must have been an ignorant man. It is clear that the case of a cold climate had never occurred to him; and even a hot one was conceived by him under conditions too palpably limited. Many of the Bedouin Arabs complain of ablutions incompatible with their half-waterless position. Mahomet, coming from the Hed-

jas, a rich tract, and through that benefit the fruitful mother of noble horses, knew no more of the arid deserts and Zaarrahs than do I. These oversights of its founder would have proved fatal to Islamism had Islamism succeeded in producing a high civilization."

Balzac, whose amazing insight has not been equaled since Shakespere, recognizes the tremendous significance of the limitation which we are speaking of when he says in one of his greatest novels: "The man of the highest genius does not display genius at all times. *If he did he would be like to God*"

Involved in what we have just observed, and commanding our attention, is another of His intellectual traits: His penetrating insight into character.

If there be weakness here the leadership of any movement is fatally weak. What a rare gift it is! Among the moderns, Lincoln had it in a high degree, and Napoleon had it. Cromwell, Shakespere and Cæsar also had it. Grant did not have it, Luther did not have it, Milton did not have it, nor do we believe St. Paul had it; but beyond all men that ever lived, the Galilean possessed it in its highest possible form. Never did a general choose his captains with such unerring insight into character. Consider

the material He chose from, and then consider what lion-hearted, death-defying men they became! Are we reminded of the traitor, Judas? Let us in turn remind the reader that the Galilean's death and the manner of it were a part of His Plan and essential to His success, and therefore, mysterious as it is in other respects, Judas filled a necessary part.

But if so much can be said of His knowledge of men, what shall be said of that astonishing mental power which gave such

piercing glances into the future, such a long look ahead into the centuries? He never mistook the future.

He foresaw and foretold that He would disturb the very foundations of human society for ages to come. Has He not done so? Is it not absolutely wonderful, in the light of subsequent history, that this Galilean steadily foresaw the distant future so clearly? He once told His immediate followers that they would be hated, persecuted, and killed—and history so writes it down. At another time He said, "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me," and is it not bewildering proof of His amazing foresight that in each generation,

for hundreds and hundreds of years, countless millions have gathered around the wooden instrument on which He was lifted up? One day a devoted woman paid Him a very singular tribute with an alabaster vase of expensive ointment. In a simple, quiet way He remarked to the bystanders that what the woman had just done would be told of her as a memorial throughout the whole world. Does it not overwhelm one with amazement when it is remembered that what He said about that woman nearly two thousand years ago, has proved literally true, year after year, age after age, century after century, through nations that were not born and on conti-

nents that were not discovered when he spoke?

Consider another striking feature of His mind—its Comprehensiveness. He is transcendent and supreme to the gigantic intellect of an American like Jonathan Edwards, to the profound and philosophic mind of a German like Schliermacher or Dorner, to a Frenchman like Bossuet, Fenelon, or Guizot, to an Italian like Dante, to an Englishman like Butler, to a Scotchman like Chalmers, and no less so to the deepest and

most patient thinkers of the far north in Norway, Sweden, and Russia, and to those of the far south in India.

No student of mental phenomena, and no close observer of human limitations, can fail to be profoundly impressed by the extraordinary fact that the Man of Galilee never did, nor did He ever say, a needless thing. Every sentence that ever fell from His lips, and every single act of His, has such immeasurable significance that it has served for nearly two thousand years as an inexhaustible text, and will so serve as long as time shall last. It would seem incredible but is it not true that no priest or poet, no preacher or philosopher, no

orator or essayist, in any age or in any land has yet sounded all the depths of His most casual saying? Avoiding, we trust, with due solemnity the language of mere eulogy, and simply directing calm attention to the fathomless depths and the boundless range and power of the Galilean's intellectual life, who,—is not the question inevitable—who, except God, could hold long and frequent discourse with men and yet never say a needless thing? We can find not only something, but we can find much that is superfluous in every other teacher that the world has known, but what recorded sentence did Jesus Christ utter that can be dispensed with?

He touches no subject, essential to His purpose, that He does not with a single stroke completely exhaust. Let one out of a hundred examples of His comprehensiveness be cited: In a prayer of only sixty-five words, or say four printed lines in an ordinary book, or six lines in a daily newspaper, He gives the essence of every utterance possible to a man in the act of prayer. Ask for what we will, when we will, where we will, the germ of it is all there! Is not this an unparalleled thing, viewed simply as a comprehensive intellectual performance?—to gather up, out of the enormous mass of liturgy and ritual which lay all around Him, and condense into

a few short lines the religious aspirations of the whole human race for all time! The meditations of Marcus Aurelius, the teachings of Aristotle, the tragedies of Eschylus, and the dialogues of Plato touch the highest points ever reached by the intellects of the ancient world, but in comprehensiveness and power how far below the Galilean all of them are. This is not merely the opinion of the author of these pages, but it is the judgment of the intellectual giants of our race. Bacon, Kepler, Newton, and Locke have bowed their lofty minds in recognition of His high superiority. Emmanuel Kant confesses His supremacy. Hegel and Leibnitz,

and a whole multitude of the profoundest thinkers acknowledge His pre-eminence. The Calvinist, the Arminian, the Roman Catholic, and the Swedenborgian find in His utterances material for whole libraries. To the Unitarian He is the very greatest of men; to the German rationalist He is always a perpetual mystery; to the penetrating intellect of Napoleon He is above and beyond the human race; to one great thinker He is a dreamy mystic; to another a practical philanthropist; to one philosophic historian He is the key to all history, and to one of the guiding spirits of the French revolution He was the Child of Humanity.

There remains one other and unique attribute of His intellectual life, the most marked, the most commanding. We refer to His absolute originality.

Much has been heard of His having borrowed from Buddha and Zoroaster, from the Rabbinical writings and the Alexandrian philosophers. One may see pages of parallel columns, and one may read volumes of argument, proving that the doctrine of the Atonement, the Necessity of Prayer, the idea of the Incarnation, the Forgiveness of Sin, and the Final Judgment, are not original with the Galilean. We do not doubt, no one can doubt, that other teachers than He possessed and taught certain great

and universal truths. Nevertheless this modern challenge must be accepted, for if the Man of Galilee is not a Messenger with new tidings, a weak spot has been found in His intellectual armor.

Mark Hopkins, the renowned president of Williams College, enumerated eight entirely original features in the Galilean's life and teachings. That charming writer of Scotch stories, Ian Maclaren, says in *"The Mind of the Master"*: "Christians with a sense of fitness are not ambitious to claim originality for their master. Why should we bring Him into comparison with Socrates?" Ian Maclaren, however, forgets that it is not "we"

but unfriendly critics who bring Him into such comparisons. A less romantic or sentimental view of the grave question involved would doubtless have led this pleasing novelist to recognize the necessity for the argument presented by the learned and pious Hopkins. Those eight original features are the following:

He claimed to be a perfect teacher.

He claimed to set a perfect example.

He claimed to be a sinless Being.

He claimed that all should love and obey *Him*.

He claimed to work such miracles as no other ever did.

He claimed that prophecy was fulfilled in him.

He claimed that He would rise from the dead.

He claimed that He would Himself be the final judge of the world.

The writer of this Enquiry comes to this discussion from a

patient examination of Buddhism and other Oriental religions, and from a careful study of the latest utterances of Rationalism, and he will venture to add to this list seven other original features which may be found in the teachings of the Galilean:

1. He was original in claiming to know all about God, and all about another world.

2. He was, as Dr. Storrs has said, entirely original in giving to men a perfectly new conception of God.

3. He was original in proposing to set the world right, not merely

by His life and precepts, but largely by His death.

4. He was original in claiming to give to men an invisible and potent help in amending their lives.

5. He was original in His idea of a divine Society on earth—a kingdom of God here.

6. He was original in claiming and exercising the divine prerogative to forgive sin.

7. He was distinctly original in claiming for Himself the supreme

power to legislate—in saying, "A new commandment I give unto you."

Let the bold statement now be made that He is the only original thinker of whom the world has any record.

It is important that a clear comprehension be had of the full significance of the statement that He is entirely original. In the very nature of things every human mind is modified by its environment. All men are profoundly and inevitably affected by family ties and hereditary influences. The Galilean is, if you please, Oriental by race, Jewish by environment, Roman in his

authoritative manner, and Grecian in the breadth of his sympathy, but intellectually he is absolutely independent. Moses is Egyptian and Jewish; Socrates is an ideal Greek; Job and Mahomet are Arabs; Goethe is German and only German; Racine and Montaigne are Frenchmen and nothing else; none of them is universal, each of them is limited. Take the two greatest poets the world has known, Homer and Shakespere; the two greatest philosophers, Plato and Kant; then take the greatest novelist; then add to the list the greatest orator, the greatest painter, and the greatest musician, and it will be found that the intellect of each reflects what is current in the thought of the age

in which he lives and in the thought of the preceding ages.

"Virgil who writes the 'Aeneid,' Lucan who writes the 'Pharsalia,' Tasso who writes the 'Jerusalem,' Ariosto with his 'Roland,' Milton with 'Paradise Lost,' Camoens with the 'Lusiad,' Klopstock with the 'Messiah,' Voltaire with the 'Henriade,' all gravitate about Homer, and sending back to their own moons his light reflected at different angles, move at unequal distances within his boundless orbit. * * * What is Regnier? What D'Aubigne? What Corneille? They are all scintillations from Juvenal." *Shakespere.* Victor Hugo.

"Ye have heard it said, but I say." There is the keynote to

the intellectual life of the Great Galilean.

"I say." What other teacher ever rested his own authority on his own assertions?

"These sayings of mine." There is not only the foundation on which He places the edifice which He rears, but there also is the royal seal of His exclusiveness, His own setting apart of Himself as the sole and original source of the truths which He proclaims. In a word, He reflects in His fundamental teachings and distinctive claims nothing of His own age, nor anything of any age that had gone before.

Summing up then His intellectual qualities and finding them all crowned with the high attribute of absolute originality, an originality that is profoundly creative, where — may we not say it now — where can we find in the universe a Being with whom to compare Him but the Great Creator himself?

III

The Note of Universality

III

The Note of Universality

LET us pause here and contemplate a singular and significant fact.

This marvelous Galilean, notwithstanding His pre-eminent moral and intellectual traits, is not kept by His pre-eminence aloof or apart from any single stratum of humanity or any human interest. He touches all human life at every point, in every sphere of thought, and on every plane of action.

In Him there is something as deep as the lowest human needs can reach, as high as our most aspiring thoughts can tower, and as enduring as the flight of time.

Viewed in even the dryest light of the coldest and most scientific method, this *world-wide contact* is mysterious, and save on one hypothesis, it is unaccountable.

No statesman, no philosopher, no religious leader, no one in all the annals of history except this Man of Galilee touches life at all points, touches it in morality, in art, in literature, in philosophy, in politics, in commerce, and in religion. There is a wonderful note of universality in Him.

Let us stand in imagination for

a moment above the broad plain of human history. Before us pass the shifting phases of human existence. As in a panoramic vision we see life, life with all its sadness and all its joy, with all its hopes and fears, its struggles and its aspirations, its successes and its failures.

Behold! at the very threshold of life stands the Man of Galilee, softly saying of all childhood, "Suffer them to come unto me." At weddings, at feasts, and at funerals He is a welcome guest. Out in the swifter currents of human activities strong men lean on Him, weak ones cling to Him. Men of wealth, power, and position find Him congenial; the prisoner, the poverty-stricken,

and the heavy laden lay their burdens at His feet. To the philosopher He is a guide; for the way-faring man He is a support. To the Magdalens of the world He is the only brother they have who gently whispers to them, "Go and sin no more," and to the consecrated ones among the daughters of men He is the lodestar of their highest affections. To the painter seeking immortality for his canvas He gives a theme, and for the sons of toil His own history throws an everlasting halo around the workshop. Poetry, art, and literature rise to their highest achievements in His name, in His name music gives to the very utmost its uplifting power, and in that same wonder-

ful name architecture rears its loftiest and noblest structures.

We cannot escape Him.

He meets us at every turn.

We may deny Him, and failing to recognize His pre-eminence we may classify Him with the founders of other religions, but His adaptability to life in all its movements, in all lands, among all races, and in all ages, renders our denial futile. Millions of men have assailed Him, millions are indifferent to Him, still He will not down. Shut the door in His face, yet He stands there and gently knocks. No power on earth can set Him aside as a factor in life. He cannot be eliminated. The aegis of His name has been used to shield countless

crimes, countless hypocrisies, countless ambitions, still He does not fall. Cruel wars have prospered in His name, the horrors of religious persecution, the intolerance of sectarianism, the absurdities of the creed builders, still He will not down. Ecclesiasticism grows weaker, He grows stronger. Dogmas pass away, He abides. Churches grow corrupt, but the effulgence of His glory is not dimmed. At this very day, here in the twentieth century since His birth, more men and women gather about Him to touch the hem of His garment than in any age since He walked the shores of Galilee, more men and women love Him, love Him with an absorbing and passionate devo-

tion, and in the single hour that has passed since the reader began these pages, a host of souls all over the world have faced death with a gentle smile and gone cheerfully into the Unknown, soothed by His surpassing love, and sustained in the sublime transition by His strange power.

What if all this should remotely signify that there may be found in Him another attribute of the Eternal One—the attribute of Omnipresence?

IV

A Law of Gravitation

IV

A Law of Gravitation

LET the attention of the reader now be directed to a constantly recurring fact in the affairs of life: Whatever form of government men adopt they are in reality always governed by Kings.

Except as to their political methods men are not at heart, never have been, and never will be democrats.

A representative democracy, in its last analysis, is non-hereditary monarchy by consent.

We want, we always have wanted, and we always will want a king. Human nature inclines to absolute monarchy. Many of our outward forms may be democratic, but in the final issue, in every nation, in every state, in every community, it is the will and character of the ablest and best man, that is to say, the kingliest man, that rule. Human nature is so constituted. It is spirit acting on spirit.

The fundamental and everlasting truth then in human affairs is this: There is a law of gravitation in the moral, intellectual, and spiritual world which irresistibly draws us to the kingly man. In the domain of force Napoleon and Cæsar were genuine kings;

in the world of art Raphael and Phidias were kings; in the world of mental philosophy Plato was king; in the world of politics and statecraft Disraeli, Gladstone, and Lincoln were kings. In the all-comprehending world of the affections, emotions, reverence, duty, mystery, and death, there must also be a king.

For the moment our pride, a just sense of one's own importance, a mistaken sense of independence, a spirit of fierce democracy revolt against all this, but we must inevitably yield. Are we told that the day of kings is over? Not with the genuine king, but with the average king. Men are more and kings are less, it is true, but that is only another

way of saying kings are no longer kingly.

Apropos of the matter of kingship let us say further that a real king comes as often from the humble as from the high walks of life.

Let us add another fact: A king may found a kingdom by quiet and peaceful methods as easily as by force.

We would also state one more fact: A kingdom may be co-extensive with humanity, and of dominating power, and yet in many of its manifestations be an invisible kingdom, as, for example, many departments in the kingdom of science.

V

A Portrait

V

A Portrait

SOME nineteen hundred years ago Galilee was one of the most densely populated regions on the earth.

It was a subdivision of Judea, about thirty miles wide and sixty miles long.

Josephus says, though doubtless with some patriotic exaggeration, that there were over two hundred towns and cities there, the smallest having over fifteen thousand inhabitants.

Galilee was a beautiful country, fair even to loveliness. The vine,

the olive and the fig grew there, and also the oak, walnut, and cedar, the palm, the cypress, and the sycamore, the myrtle, the pomegranate, and many exquisite varieties of the oleander, together with an infinite number of flowers in almost infinite profusion.

The Sea of Galilee was a bright, busy, populous lake.

The magnificent city of Tiberias lay along the shore.

Close to the water edge were miles of palaces and fashionable residences surrounded by palm groves and rich gardens gay with tropical luxuriance.

Temple after temple with vast colonnades of graceful columns lined the broad thoroughfares.

The streets were thronged with rich merchants, pagan priests, Jewish rabbis, Roman soldiers, and multitudes of oriental tradespeople and peasants.

The government was Roman. The climate was tropical. The native Galileans were active, industrious, and poor.

There is a conspicuous elevation west of the lake. It is a hill with two high peaks. On that hillside was delivered the most famous and the most widely circulated speech ever heard among men. That speech has been called The Sermon on the Mount. The Author of the speech has been called a Reformer.

He was not a reformer.

He was a Revolutionist.

One of the chief notes of His message from first to last was that all things must become new, the old garment will not bear mending, new wine must have new vessels.

Let us draw near and look for a moment at the Wonderful Speaker.

One of the most singular things about Him is the fact that the reader will not accept as adequate any verbal description of Him, and can give none himself. Nor does ever the magic pencil of the most gifted artist completely satisfy us when he depicts the face and form of the Galilean.

There may be gleaned, however, from tradition, and deduced from certain passages in His biography a picture which probably is true, though not all the truth:—

He is tall in stature, perfectly formed, and there is no spot or blemish on Him.

It cannot be doubted that physically He is the fairest among thousands.

His brow is smooth.

His complexion is very clear.

His eyes are blue with the dark blue of the sky.

His long hair and His beard are brown.

His every feature is perfect.

In consequence of His physical perfection all His motions are graceful.

His bearing is modest and dignified, and His voice is soft and low.

He wears the costume of His people and His time: a tunic and an outer robe, sandals on His feet, and a square of linen on His head, doubled so that a corner falls on each shoulder and on the back.

We do not see in His face, as the mediæval painters saw, the rapture of a mystic nor the sternness of a fanatic, nor do we find in His eye the burning light of an enthusiast. It seems to us that we see inexhaustible patience, immovable firmness, wonderful majesty, illimitable sagacity, and fathomless, boundless love.

We have now seen the country and glanced at a portrait of the Man of Galilee.

What is He doing among men?

What part is He taking in the affairs of the world?

If He has a Plan of any kind that He is working out, what is it?

The story of His birth, His childhood, His deeds and sayings, and His death, are as familiar to us all as our daily food. Therefore we shall not quote a line of it for any narrative purpose. We wish the reader to go further with us along this new line of approach and see what we can make of this strange Personage. Let us

continue our analysis of His mental life and His intellectual processes, and let us follow wherever the truth shall lead us.

VI

A Kingdom

VI

A Kingdom

HE came, He preached, He loved, He healed, He called followers about Him, He suffered, and He died.

It is a simple but wonderful story in all its details, and it has been told from millions of pulpits and in millions of books, but here at the beginning of a new century we are quietly looking the whole matter over again as if that matter itself were entirely new, in a cold and rationalistic mood. Therefore we ask :–

What does it all signify?
What is it all about?
What does He come for?
What is His motive?
What is the matter with the world that He should want to set it right?
And if there be anything wrong, what is His Plan?

The answer is very simple despite some nineteen hundred years of controversial theology: He came to establish a kingdom with himself as King.

No one can read his life and fail to note how often, indeed oftener than any other phrase,

there fall from His lips the words, "The Kingdom," "The Kingdom," everywhere and always it is "The Kingdom is at hand."

The Kingdom! A strange phrase, not yet fully comprehended by Christendom itself.

Whose Kingdom?

What Kingdom?

His own.

He speaks of it interchangeably as "God's Kingdom," "The Kingdom of Heaven" and "My Kingdom."

In His interchangeable use of those phrases lies an assertion of His co-equality with God.

Perhaps theology, the queen indeed of all the sciences, has not yet sufficiently considered

that fact and the full strength of the argument deducible from it.

But why a kingdom?

What need for it?

Again the answer seems very simple: There is a dislocation or disarrangement in human affairs, for despite their learning and their philosophy, their art and their wealth, men hate one another, men are selfish, men are cruel and dishonest, they have an imperfect conception of the Ruler of the universe, and they know that they must all die and darkness lies before them. The mind of the world is

struggling with doubt, the heart of humanity has great sorrows, and men pass easily into despair.

This condition of things is clearly abnormal. Even under the widest and most strenuous application of the doctrine of Evolution, and pressing it, as Herbert Spencer does, into the field of mental and moral development, one must nevertheless say that here is an exception, here is a condition of things that implies retrogression. It is as if some unseen and malign power had interfered to check the forward and upward movement. It is a condition of things that points unmistakably to a moral and spiritual catastrophe at some antecedent period in

the history of humanity. We say again, it is an abnormal condition, and it is abnormal for the simple reason that it springs from the violation of law.

That violation has received a specific name, a word of three letters. We do not know the history of this word nor do we comprehend its full significance, but it is a word that stands for a great fact in human history. It is a singular word, though a familiar one. It is a peculiar word, though a common one. It is so common that it loses force; so often used that it loses meaning; so often misused and misapplied that it is frequently misunderstood. We wish there-

fore that we could find a synonym that we might use it here. As we cannot, we must simply say that it is the much-abused, oft-perverted, old-fashioned word, Sin, and without stopping to consider any of its multitudinous bearings in various theological systems, we repeat that it stands for a fact,—the Violation of Law. One has only to reflect a moment to see that the wilful violation of law is the source of countless human ills.

So the Man of Galilee comes and says :—

I am here to found a kingdom.

My motive is love for the human race.

I propose to found an imperishable Society.

I have come to build up a world-wide Community.

It shall be called a Kingdom and I will be its King. I propose to be absolute and without a rival; I propose to deal directly with each member of that Society; I will legislate for that Kingdom, and I demand homage, allegiance, obedience, love, and complete surrender to my will.

And now we hear a startling announcement. He has no prophet to help him. John is in prison and soon dies. All the prophets are gone. He has no

books, He has no newspapers, He has no prestige, no money, no army, no friends. So the Galilean says:—

I will found this Kingdom alone.

I will do it by the force of my own will; I will do it by agencies and influences which I myself will establish and put in motion; the laws which I make no authority on earth or in heaven shall repeal or modify, and all the powers of the world and the gates of hell cannot prevail against my work.

VII

An Echo

VII

An Echo

WE shall ask the reader to observe here a remarkable and purely intellectual feature of this plan: It was complete and perfect at the start.

After long and careful study of all that Strauss, Bauer, Schenkel, Renan, and others of their schools have said to the contrary, we find nothing to change our conviction that the Galilean came with a complete and perfect Plan, and that he abated

nothing, conceded nothing, changed nothing, but carried that Plan straight on with no deviation.

Observe again: His plan, regarded merely as a mental conception, is one of immeasurable breadth and reach. It is as wide as the universe, it is as high as the throne of the Infinite.

That Plan, as it presents itself to His own mind, ante-dates the Abrahamic age. It even lay in the bosom of the Eternal long before the dawn of human history. It moves mysteriously

behind the veil of prophecy through four thousand years, and it looks forward to a time when the earth shall melt and the heavens be rolled up as a scroll. He points majestically to all the ages of the past and says, "They lead up to me," and then pointing to the remote, unfathomed and infinite future He says, "It is mine." He speaks of every creature, He speaks of all nations, He speaks, of east, west, north, and south, unto the end of the world, forever. All the mighty schemes of conquest and all the ambitious dreams that ever entered into the mind or heart of the world's greatest conqueror or statesman, grow dim and fade into utter insignifi-

cance beside the cosmic outlines and the gigantic proportions of this wonderful, this all-embracing, this amazing Plan.

Observe once more: He announces this stupendous Plan —a Plan so vast, so far-reaching in its purpose, so immense in its scope that the imagination reels in the attempt to grasp it; a Plan involving the whole human race for all time—He announces this astonishing Plan, we say, with perfect calmness, just as easily, quietly, and simply as you would say, "The weather will be fair to-morrow." In His

tone, here and elsewhere, one can catch an echo of the primeval fiat, Let there be light, even as in His very words, Keep my commandments, there is a distinct echo of Mount Sinai.

Observe also, for it has deep significance: He makes his announcement without a shadow of doubt that he will succeed, and that when He is gone His wonderful Plan will move right on to its consummation.

If we were to pause now and review His advent from this point, we could only say: Here is greater audacity than one would expect in an archangel! If this were all, it would not be difficult to dispose of Him by saying that He is a religious fanatic or a harmless visionary, a mere day dreamer; but a tremendous fact stands in our way: He succeeded! He succeeded, not temporarily, nor partially, nor among an ignorant people, nor with one people only, but among the best intellects in all the world, and through long ages, and over wide areas. The keenest investigators and the deepest students of human nature long since agreed that He had at the

lowest estimate, a clear, well balanced and undisturbed mind. If then He is not a dreamer what is He? And what right has He to interfere with your and my desires and purposes?

VIII

A Regal Air

VIII

A Regal Air

HE was born in obscurity. He was reared in poverty. He was a mechanic.

He was a working man. He was a worker in wood.

The tradition that He made wooden ploughs and ox-yokes is probably true.

Of His later childhood and early manhood nothing is known with certainty until He is thirty, except a glimpse of Him for a single day in the temple at Jerusalem. So humble was the

place of His reputed origin that Nazareth was a by-word.

It is probable that the only three books He ever read were the old Bible, man, and nature. Educated people said of Him "He never learned," or as we would say, "He never went to school."

His native tongue was the Aramaic. He read Hebrew, and the country being full of Greek speaking inhabitants He probably spoke Greek. We believe that He also knew Latin, the language used throughout the Roman Empire in all official proceedings.

When He was thirty years old a great religious excitement suddenly sprang up in a distant part

of Judea and spread throughout the country. The last of the Jewish prophets was proclaiming on the banks of a famous river that a new and great Movement was at hand. From every quarter the people went in crowds to hear him. Many went from Nazareth and among them was the Man of Galilee. When the eye of the prophet fell on Him he declined at first to administer the baptismal rite, but yielded, and the Man of Galilee went away, the prophet proclaiming that He was the person by whom the new and great Movement would be led.

A few weeks later the Galilean appeared on the shore of that busy and populous lake we have

described and said one day to two fishermen, kindly, no doubt, but certainly in an imperial way: Follow me. They followed and the number grew. Then with his followers he went from town to town teaching and healing, excited the opposition of the ruling classes, was put to a cruel death, and the only estate of any value that He left was one seamless garment.

The writer will ask the reader here to put aside two mistaken ideas which are widely entertained.

First, He was not the meek and lowly appearing man that many have come to believe. Those attributes were among His spiritual traits, but we do not associate a frail and bent form, a thin pale face, pleading eyes, tear-stained cheeks, and a poverty stricken appearance with the outward seeming of the great Galilean. Recall the portrait we have given and remember that He was a majestic, kindly, noble looking man.

Then again, do not think of Him as an unsophisticated peasant unfamiliar with the ways of the world. Think of Him rather as always an evenly poised, courteous and self-possessed man. He was far from being a mere

provincial; He was in truth cosmopolitan. He came, as De Quincey says, into contact with all classes of men: "Scribes and doctors, Pharisees and Sadducees, Herodians and the followers of the Baptist; Roman officers insolent with authority; tax gatherers, the pariahs of the land; Galileans the most undervalued of the Jews; Samaritans hostile to the very name of Jew; rich men clothed in purple and poor men fishing for their daily bread; the happy and those that sat in darkness; wedding parties and funeral parties; solitudes amongst hills and sea shores and multitudes that could not be counted; mighty cities and hamlets the most obscure;

golden sanhedrins and the glorious temple where He spoke to myriads of worshippers, and solitary corners where He stood in conference with a single contrite heart." Study Him from the point of view thus indicated, and you will make the discovery that this Galilean Peasant comes with a regal air, and mingles with all these diverse elements of society with perfect ease, always without embarrassment, and always with the faultless demeanor of a prince of most royal blood.

Coming now more closely to the question which has been

proposed,—if He is not a dreamer or a visionary what is He?—let us venture upon a definition, or to speak more accurately, a description of genius. Genius is that quality or degree of mental power or insight which enables one to see all that there is to be seen in a given field. One so endowed is great. But rising in the scale is a higher order of genius, and we define it as that quality or degree of mental power or insight which enables one to see *at a glance* all that there is to be seen in a given field. One so endowed is greater still. But add to the possessor of this rare intellectual endowment such moral qualities as will enable him to impart

enthusiasm,—to baptize his followers, not with water but with fire,—and we have the highest possible manifestation of genius.

With this definition let us proceed with our analysis of the mental and moral traits of the Galilean. We wish, if possible, to reach His intellectual life, just as we would Plato's or Shakespere's, and we wish to see, from a new point of view, where He belongs in the catalogue of the human race, or whether He belongs in that catalogue at all.

IX

Further Analysis

IX

Further Analysis

TO understand the Intellectual processes of any man we must always understand his motives; therefore let us now turn to those traits of the Galilean which are in fact mental qualities but which, in contradistinction to purely intellectual, we call moral traits.

Approaching Him on that side the first thing that strikes us is His astonishing egotism.

His self-assertion is simply

unparalleled. In all the annals of biography there is nothing that approximates it.

His claims are astounding. On all occasions He calmly appropriates to Himself all beautiful similies, all lovely comparisons. He applies to Himself as complacently as if He were the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, symbols of omnipotent power and transcendent wisdom. He does all this—strange to say—as unaffectedly as the average man claims his own, and—stranger still—it begets in you no suspicion of immodesty on His part, or undue pretension. Somewhere in the background is an undefined and indescribable something that makes it all seem

pertinent and legitimate. Listen to Him for a moment :

I am the Light.
I am the Way.
I am the Truth.
I am the Vine.
I am the Life,
Ask in my name.
I will rise from the dead.
Eat my body, drink my blood.
Keep my commandments.
I am the resurrection.
I am from above.
I am the light of the world.
I came down from heaven.
Before Abraham was I am.
All power is given unto me.
I am greater than the temple.
I am the Lord of the Sabbath.
A greater than Solomon is here.

He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.

Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

Ye call me Master and Lord; and ye say well for so I am.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away.

Taken by themselves, and viewed as a mere psychological problem, these are the ravings of wild insanity. From that conclusion we find no possible escape, unless the man be indeed

a Visitor from the other world veiled in human form.

Consider, however, in connection with this boundless self-assertion, His unruffled calmness, and perfect self-possession. He never had a moment of mental excitement in His whole life. The highest medical experts tell us that however slightly unbalanced a brain may be, the slightest is enough to send it, sooner or later, into undue excitement. But observe His bearing in scenes of great turbulence, and

note that in the midst of a merciless rabble in Jerusalem, in the midst of His terror-stricken disciples in a storm on the lake, amid the clamor and tumult of thousands stirred to the wildest commotion by His work of healing the sick and restoring the deaf and dumb and blind, before the judgment seat of Pilate with the roars of a vindictive mob ringing in his ears, amid a hundred scenes that would stir the blood and shake the nerves of the bravest man, the Great Galilean moves serenely and undisturbed, moves with the imperturbable calmness of an all-powerful autocrat, moves with a coolness and a kingly poise never continuously

seen under like circumstances in any hero that ever lived.

Now observe that with His wonderful self-assertion and astonishing calmness there goes all the time a most remarkable spirit of self-sacrifice. He is the only egotist in history who is always unselfish. Day and night throughout His whole career He gives His time and His strength to others. He is absolutely free from self-indulgence in any form whatever.

We next find in Him a group of three remarkable traits.

He is never jealous of any one;

He is never impatient.

He is a man of the most exquisite refinement.

We assert, without a doubt of its truth, that no man ever appeared before or since, making lofty claims and inaugurating a great movement, and yet never betraying the slightest impatience with men or events, and finding in his path no one of whom he can be jealous, and withal is a man of the most sensitive and delicate refinement. If we would form an adequate conception of His refinement let us make a special study of His attitude towards women. Such delicacy! Such

tenderness! He is the only perfectly pure man in fiction or in history. It is sometimes said with a sneer that it is largely our women and children who frequent the houses set apart in this man's name. What a compliment to our womankind! What a tribute to her intuitive perceptions! What a sheet-anchor for our civilization that fact is!

Let us pause again for a moment, to contemplate the great personal dignity of the Galilean, and note, by contrast,

an ineradicable weakness in all famous men.

There are hours in the life of every great man when he lets himself down from his usual height, and the world is always anxious to see great men at such times. We read with interest such episodes in the life of Lincoln and Luther, and we find that even Alexander, Socrates, Cicero, and Mahomet, became too familiar with their associates. But the Man of Galilee from first to last, from the age of twelve to the closing days of His life, is always at His highest level. There is nothing commonplace in Jesus Christ at any time, nor in anything He ever said. It is well to think how

gentle and tender He was, but has the reader ever gleaned from His story the fact that there was always a mysterious power in His mere presence, a power that could overawe and subdue strong men?

And it was not artificial. If we watch narrowly we can detect in every public personage something theatrical in his mental or physical make-up. The greatest man fails here. He strives, consciously or unconsciously, to produce effects. He may do it unskillfully, or he may do it with consummate art, but he does it. Close inspection will detect it.

He poses.

He has attitudes.

He does not mean it but he cannot help it. He is simply striving to rise above limitations of which he is conscious. In striving his effort is visible, and so he misses the grand simplicity of God. Only one being in human form ever achieved it. We cannot name a man in history entirely free from the defect we have indicated, save only the Galilean.

What strange and irresistible power in that eye of His, that voice, that face! John the Baptist in his rude raiment and with his fiery energy probably feared no living man, yet he was abashed in the presence of this man. The money-changers in the temple were not forced but

awed into submission. The Roman soldiers when their eyes fell on Him in Gethsemane suddenly recoiled from Him. "He simply looked at Peter and Peter's heart was broken."

Consider now the fact that He bore towards mankind a singular affection, a phenomenal affection, an affection that was unfathomable and boundless.

All the work put on the revised edition of a very famous book a few years since, by the scholarship of two continents, were well bestowed if it had

done nothing but redeem that single sentence where it said "The greatest of these is charity" but now says, and rightly says, "The greatest of these is love." Men and women do not want charity, they want love. It is easy to give money, and easy to give largely if you are rich, but the thing the millions want, and always have wanted, is love. You may give a man money or bread and he to whom you give can find reasons to hate you still, but no man can hate you if from a heart of love you give him your sympathy. As for reforming a man, try every sentiment—fear, ambition, avarice, despair—all fail. Love alone can give a man clean

hands with a pure heart. Thus far we have avoided the words "Supernatural" and "Divine" but may we not say now that the Galilean's love was simply superhuman? Man as he is cannot love his enemy: He did. Man as he is cannot even love the average man: He did. You may educate a fellow-being who is not of your own household, you may clothe him, shelter him, and divide a loaf with him, but love him?—it is a hard thing to do! If the story of the Galilean's life had all been written down what a story we should have of love! What a volume lies concealed in those words "He went about doing good." How He loved children!

How He loved the poor! How He loved His companions! And how He even loved bad men, went to them, mingled with them, and won them. He alone of all the great leaders of the world recognizes the full dignity and the priceless worth of human nature, of man as man, loves all men, lepers and beggars, Samaritans and publicans, dishonest men and sinful women, the rich and the poor, all are great in His eyes, to His heart all are precious.

We have asked what right had the Man of Galilee to interfere in our affairs? Here is one of His title-deeds—He loved. He saw our race groping in the darkness of pagan philosophy, and loving

us He came and offered Light. He saw us face to face with Doubt and Death, and loving us He offered Hope and Life. He loved us—that's all—simply loved us—and such love has had from the beginning of the world the absolute and indefeasible right to love in return.

There remains another of His moral qualities, one in which He stands without a rival. It has been charged against Him that He is effeminate.

There is indeed a strange and even mysterious vein of feminine

softness running all through His character, and many a brave, stalwart earnest man, by reason of it has misconceived Him. Therefore in summing up His moral traits we emphasize the fact that His audacity, His egotism, His absence of jealousy, His exquisite refinement, His personal dignity, His overawing presence and His boundless love all go hand in hand with the highest form of genuine manhood. He was a courageous man, a manly man, in truth the Lion of the tribe of Judah. Remember how young He was and then remember that He resolves to stand alone, to cut Himself off from home, family, friends, and even from His

country and His race. See Him at the age of thirty fearlessly confront the hatred of the rulers of His race. Think of Him assailing single-handed the powerful and relentless ecclesiasticism of His day. At the mention of Herod's name, the tyrant who had just murdered John the Baptist, this young Galilean sends him a message with the prelude, "Go tell that fox."

He never resorts to finesse, as did Paul on the temple stairs.

He never vacillates, as did Peter.

He never made a concession in His whole life.

He accommodated His language and Himself to nothing but man's ignorance.

Observe the cool self-reliant manner in which, among the Jews themselves, He sets aside parts of the Mosaic law. What astounding boldness lay in His saying among a people who had been taught for over a hundred generations to revere the awful name of Jehovah,—"Ye believe in God, believe also in Me." Courageous manhood! The whole world is against Him but He never shows a shadow of timidity. Hear Him in the great temple, that magnificent and glorious structure overlooking all Jerusalem. His enemies were seeking to entrap Him there in the matter of the tribute money, and then to perplex Him with a piece of casuistry, and then to

entangle Him in another idle dispute. Calmly, quietly, patiently He confused and abashed them all. It was, as Farrar says, "the only attempt ever made so to trifle with him." Then came the lightning flash of His terrible indignation, and in the audience of all the people He uttered that unparalleled denunciation—unparalleled when falling on Jewish ears—unparalleled even among all the frightful curses of Greek tragedy and among all the imprecations that have come from Shakespere's pen:

Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees because ye shut the kingdom.

Woe unto you ye hypocrites.

Woe unto you because ye make of a proselyte two-fold more a son of hell than yourselves.

Woe unto ye, full of extortion and excess.

Woe unto ye, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness.

Woe unto ye, sons of them that slew the prophets, ye off-spring of vipers.

Then with that touching tenderness, which in high natures always follows righteous anger, He utters His solemn warning, utters it we doubt not with tears:

O! Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killeth the prophets and

stoneth them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not.

Follow the Man of Galilee in all His journeyings; study His bearing in every emergency; remember that He predicted His death and all the horror of it; see Him go slowly, solemnly, but unfalteringly and without a shadow of hesitation into the Jewish capital to meet His inevitable and awful fate; see Him at last in the moonlit garden of Gethsemane, where in an agonizing and mysterious conflict His dauntless spirit overcomes the

reluctance which springs from His environment of flesh and blood; see Him advance to the soldiers; go and stand near Him on the mosaic pavement in front of the palace where the court is held in the open air; hear the insults of the rabble; listen to the strokes of the scourge falling on His limbs; go with Him to Herod's hall and return with Him to Pilate's judgment seat, and though the blood is flowing down His face from a crown of thorns, we find no sign of weakness or surrender, no sign of terror or timidity, but find instead, here, and all through His whole career, the sublimest exhibition of genuine manhood, physical courage, and moral

heroism that can be found in all the annals of the world, or in all the flights of epic poetry, or in any vision that ever came to the soul of mortal man.*

*In what the author has here written concerning the moral and physical courage of the Great Galilean, he acknowledges his indebtedness to a little volume entitled "*The Manliness of Christ*," by Thomas Hughes, Q. C., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. See Part VIII, Sixteenth Edition — a series of widely known papers of great beauty and value.

X

Absolute Perfection

X

Absolute Perfection

WE have now reached a summit where we may well pause again and look back a moment.

On the moral side of the Galilean we have found the most surprising thing in all the world —absolute perfection! No man has ever been so great, so wise, so good, that we cannot imagine him as being greater, wiser, and better—excepting only Jesus Christ. He alone reaches the

utmost possible limit of all conceivable excellence. Think of it —He has no failings, no shortcomings! Would the reader realize the tremendous import of this? Then contrast yourself with Him. Every man of genius and every member of our race has had some moral defect, except only the Man of Galilee. For example, men who are remarkable for dignity of deportment are as a rule cold and reserved; if a man is tender and ardent his judgment is weak; if he be sagacious and decisive he is unsympathetic; but here is a man, and the only man, who combines all virtues and has none of their opposites. Nineteen hundred years of investigation and relent-

less criticism confirm the verdict of His contemporaries. "I have shed innocent blood," was the last testimony of Judas, the betrayer and the suicide; "I find no fault in this man," calmly said the representative of the Cæsars from his judgment seat; "Have thou nothing to do with that just man," said Pilate's wife; at his side a crucified criminal exclaimed with his dying breath, "This man hath done nothing amiss," and when all was over a Roman centurion cried out, "Surely this was a righteous man."

Ponder this question: Why has there been in all history no

other man like Him? One feels the impossibility of it the moment the question is asked.

We will go further: You cannot imagine another man like Him. You can imagine another Cæsar, another Napoleon, another Washington; you can easily imagine another Buddha, another Confucius, another Mahomet; and you can imagine Christ come again, but you cannot—in some strange way it transcends the powers of the human mind—you cannot imagine another Christ.

Let us go further still. In the whole range of creation—men,

women, angels, and archangels—no Being so wise, so calm, so perfect, and so attractive, can be found or imagined until the mind passes beyond them all and rests on God Himself.

XI

The Court of Final Resort

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The Court of Final Resort

WE appeal unto Cæsar.

He—Himself—the King—asks that we make that appeal. We find in none of His utterances anything concerning an appeal to an Infallible Church, or to an Infallible Book.

The appeal is to Him.

Both Church and Book are to be accepted later on—but at

first subordinately—they disclosing Him, and then by Him they become authenticated.

"Come unto me."

"Come and see."

"My words."

"My works."

"These sayings of mine."

There is the court of final resort, established by Himself.

The writer of these pages has profound respect for the intellectual doubt represented by Professor Huxley, Herbert Spencer and Goldwin Smith. He believes in the sincerity of Strauss, Bauer, Schenkel, and

Renan; has entered fully into the spirit of Amiel; recognizes the force of much that the brilliant and profound Martineau has said as to the Seat of Authority; has shared Robert Elsmere's perplexities as to the value of testimony, and no one holds in higher esteem the scholarship, industry, and honesty of the later school of historical critics. For many years the writer has been a student of the utterances of these various schools. Modern rationalism and the rationalistic method have a certain fascination which it is idle to deny or ignore. Moreover, it is equally idle to deny and it is disastrous to ignore the inroads

which that method has made. There is something not only obviously sincere but deeply pathetic in the bewilderment which surrounds multitudes of doubters who have been driven, in spite of their wishes, to discard the Man because they cannot now see their way to accept the Book. It is a plaintive and an earnest cry they utter, and a very old one—Show us the Master.

The intellectual movement which at present goes under the general name of Higher Criticism is very ancient in its origin, but

in its modern form it may be said to have begun about one hundred years ago. It made slow progress for fifty years. Then in the next twenty-five years it made a lodgment in many universities and literary circles. Naturally it has at last reached the masses. Is it too much to say that a majority of reading people to-day in Europe and America are agnostic? Statistical tables showing large percentages of increase in Church membership and Church societies are strong tributes to the immense social influence and superb organizing power of Modern Christianity, but do they reflect the real condition of the public mind upon vital questions?

What then is to be done? Is the battle fought and lost? Admitting that conclusive answers, in kind, can be made to the scientific and critical arguments against miracles, against the resurrection, against the alleged authorship, divine origin, and textual sufficiency of the Four Gospels, such answers, nevertheless, involve a course of labored and exhaustive argument which the people at large have neither the time nor the disposition to follow. Nor can we conceive that the Master left His Cause to be dependent on such a prop for essential support.

We therefore advance this proposition as incontrovertible: It is a moral and a mental

impossibility for the Evangelists, the Mythical Process, wilful forgery, pious enthusiasm, honest deception, or any other human agency to have invented, not merely the commanding personality and the immaculate character, but also the Intellectual Life of the Man of Galilee, as disclosed in the Gospels.

If then, in going the way that proposition points, we reach a position where we, too, can say, as some who once stood near Him said, "Now are we sure that Thou knowest all things," may we not determine for ourselves, on *that* basis, as they did, whence He came forth?

He proves Himself.

His sayings prove themselves.

His origin proves itself.

We appeal unto Cæsar.

XII

Some Mysteries

XII

Some Mysteries

LET us turn from the path we have thus far followed and pass up now to a higher level, a level from which we may see things which transcend all human limitations.

We discover this singular fact about the Galilean: the more we study Him and His surroundings,

and the more we study the various influences which conspire to produce great men, the more we feel that He is an utter stranger, a stranger in His native land, a stranger in this country of ours, and a stranger in all other countries.

We cannot "place" Him. We are unable to fix on a residence for Him and say "He belongs there." He is a foreigner everywhere. He could not be the product of local circumstances and influences which are found anywhere. His home is elsewhere.

He is somehow our kinsman, but He lives in some unknown country, came from there, and has gone back. It is evidently

a country where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, for not only did He say so, but His life here was of a piece in that respect with what it was there.

He was a stranger to His reputed father, and in some respects He was a stranger even to His mother.

He was not at home here, and it did not seem to be in the nature of things for Him to stay here very long. There is marvelous consistency in His dying young; had His life been prolonged it would have been a violation of all the essential unities.

The more deeply we ponder these striking, mysterious, and

unparalleled phenomena, does not the fact become more evident that He is, as was foretold, "without descent?"

All other men, even the greatest, seem to be one of ourselves. Buddha is one of us; he is like you and me. This writer sees no difference between Buddha and himself in kind, but only in degree. Buddha is wiser, purer, and better—but not infinitely so. Moreover, he became so by tremendous effort, by an awful struggle, as you or another might. Clearly, Buddha is one of us. Mahomet is one of us. Confucius is one of us. These men have touched, if you please, the supernatural, but still they are largely of the earth,

earthy. But we cannot feel or think that about the Galilean. He is outside of ourselves. He made Himself one with us, but—though it be a paradox—He is not one of us.

Is it not a very significant thing, a thing indeed of extraordinary significance, that He never took part in the worship of the Sanctuary in Jerusalem or elsewhere? As man He often communed in prayer—if He were also God He could not worship. He never worshipped. And even in his prayers, excepting that one which He prescribed

for the use of His followers, there is a very strange conversational tone, an assured and obvious intimacy.

That he is conscious of a very wide difference between His own relation to God and the relation sustained by His followers is evident from that prayer; they must say "Our Father," but as for Himself it is always "My Father," or simply "Father."

Observe further, that while every other historical character grows dimmer with time, the

Galilean in a very strange way grows more distinct. The greatest men wear out by perfect and constant familiarity with them, and everything of human invention wears out. The Man of Galilee never wears out. There is perennial freshness in him and in all He says.

Again. The French people, it is said, never fully comprehend Shakespere, and Goethe cannot be adequately rendered into English; an Italian will tell you that none but Italians know Dante; no foreign tongue can preserve the stately march and musical

rhythm of Milton's majestic lines, and even the simple fables of La Fontaine and the artless love-songs of the Germans lose half their flavor by translation, but every saying of the Galilean goes with all its original beauty and power into every language and dialect spoken among men.

Here we catch once more that strange note of universality which we have already mentioned. One can see that His utterances are meant for translation into all languages. They are normal to the intuitions of the whole race.

He is the contemporary of all epochs.

Note again that every other leader in every department of thought or human endeavor has followers who sooner or later equal or surpass him. Ptolemy, for example, gives way to Copernicus; Copernicus in the great forward movement of astronomical investigation is surpassed by the brave Galileo; Galileo by the indomitable Kepler; Kepler by Sir Isaac Newton; and then come the two Herschels who unveil secrets in the stellar world hidden from all their illustrious predecessors. With the enlightenment of our time we see, in their own lines of thought, what Franklin, Bacon, Aristotle, and Socrates never saw. The Galilean, how-

ever, is still above and beyond us all.

We also notice this mysterious thing, quite indescribable, but verified by the experience of multitudes: After resolving to accept the teachings of the Galilean, and to live by them, and to confess allegiance to Him, *you have the singular consciousness that you are not exactly the same person you were before.* Moreover, that consciousness never diminishes with familiarity but increases. Believe it! the most wonderful work in all the world is not to take iron, steel

and brass and make a locomotive; nor is it to take gold and diamonds and cog-wheels and make a watch; nor is it to take canvas and colors and brush and paint an Angelus; nor yet is it to take pen and parchment and write an Iliad or a Hamlet, but an infinitely greater work than all is to take an ignoble, cruel, impure, and dishonest being and transform him into an upright, gentle, noble, and pure man. Here we touch the creative power of the Galilean—and bow before the mystery.

Here we find the crowning glory of all the Evidences, attested by millions of intelligent men and women, the fact, mysterious but not illusory,

that His very presence is found, is realized, is verified, and that He is as helpful, as vital, and as inspiring now as when the matchless beatitudes fell upon the ears of a listening multitude two thousand years ago.

Let us bring to the attention of the reader now a singular phenomenon in literature.

It has often been remarked that there runs through the philosophies and religions of the ancient world a dream of some Wonderful Man to come, some anticipated Being with a message from the Most High. The Chaldeans yearned for him;

Egypt dimly foresaw him; the Magi of Persia were ever looking for him; Confucius prophesied his coming; India longed for him in her Vedas; his image floated in the incantations of the Brahmins; the religion of Judea was filled with one long aspiration for his appearance, and the hope of Greek philosophy found expression in Plato's famous prediction that such a Messenger would some day visit the human race. All this, we repeat, is well known and often has been mentioned, but what we wish to impress upon the reader is this marvelous fact: after the year of our Lord 33, all that longing and aspiration found no further expression. We have

searched widely but can learn of no further trace of it in the literature of any nation on earth. It survived for awhile in Jewish literature, but even with the Jews, and notwithstanding the tenacity of that wonderful race, the Messianic idea began, soon after the Crucifixion, to fade away. Nowhere in poetry or in art, in fiction or in philosophy, can we find it. His re-appearance has been and is looked for, but not the appearance of another in his stead, or another with like claims.

Did not then something very strange come over the spirit of the whole human race when the Galilean cried "It is finished?"

XIII

The Adequate Cause

XIII

The Adequate Cause

THERE remains a question: Was He an invention? It is clear that He was not a fanatic nor a dreamer nor an impostor, but was He invented? There is a convincing answer to that question, but let us first remind the reader that there was nothing strange in crucifying a Galilean Jew. When the Nazarene was twelve years old two thousand Jews were crucified by the Romans along the highways

of Judea. There was, we repeat, nothing at all strange in the Roman authorities ordering the crucifixion of a young Jew.

What made this case unique?

Why did not death end His career?

Why in this case is death only the beginning?

One looking indifferently at the scene would have reported a few heart-broken mourners, a few trembling peasants, some rude soldiers, a hasty funeral, and all was over. Why was not that the end? The famous Mythical theory is only a learned way of saying He was invented, and we have turned from a patient study of that theory to say, in a single sentence, why

one cannot believe that He was an invention.

First let us say, show us a flaw in Plato, a fallacy in Aristotle, a misconception in Augustine, a blunder in Luther, or an error in Bacon, and we esteem those men not one whit the less, but point out one single defect in the Man of Galilee, or even the shadow of a defect, and He falls forever. He must be absolute perfection, perfect morally, and perfect intellectually, or He is a failure. Now we have found Him too sane a man to be a fanatic, too calm to be an enthusiast, and too good to be an impostor. If then He is not perfect He might be an Invention, but if He is absolutely

perfect He could not have been invented, for, as has often been said, it requires a perfect human being to invent a perfect human character. In other words, no one but a Shakespere can write a Hamlet. Theodore Parker, in one of his moments of clearest vision said: It takes a Jesus to fabricate a Jesus. Bishop Haygood profoundly says that to originate such a picture of His life as we have in the four biographies, "is beyond the power and foreign to the whole genius of the Jewish race." Yes —but go a step further—to draw the picture of his death! Ah, there indeed is something beyond all inventive art and skill to execute and all imagin-

ation to conceive! We are willing, as lawyers say, "to rest the whole case" on the inherent and plainly visible truth of the twenty-seventh subdivision of Matthew's narrative. Such a mingling of majesty and power with weakness and suffering—such a combination of the scourge and the cross with transcendent sublimity—such helplessness and pain with the God-like prerogative of forgiving a dying thief—such tenderness to his mother and such mortal agony—such merciless mockery and such ineffable dignity—invent all this? The inventor of that could speak a universe into existence.

Did humble and unlettered fishermen invent such a wonderful mind, such superhuman insight, such infallible prophecies, such a marvelous grouping of amazing and unequaled intellectual powers, and such an immaculate character as we have been analyzing? Did they invent the matchless literature we have been considering? One may safely challenge the French Academy, the whole School of German rationalists, all the sceptics of England, and the best literary talent of America to combine their efforts and produce a new chapter of fifty verses to be inserted in any one of the four biographies, and let that chapter contain two

new miracles and two new parables, and be consistent, beyond all criticism, in tone, style and matter, with the rest of the narrative. Take the single feature of sarcasm or irony. Socrates and Moliere, Cervantes and our English dramatists only touch the skin; the Galilean, says Renan, carries fire to the very marrow. Did some Judean peasant about the year A. D. 50 or 75 invent that irony?

Invent Him?

Why, the disciples themselves did not even comprehend Him. One doubted Him, one denied Him, one betrayed Him, and all forsook Him.

Can there be need now to go further and argue the question of miracles?

Can there be need now to argue the question of the Resurrection?

Have we not found a Cause adequate to such Effects?

Are not marvelous works possible to a marvelous Being?

The Miracles! that honest, not unreal, nor artificial, nor disingenuous, but honest stumbling block, the Miracles!

Fabulous?

Illusions?

Insufficient proof?

Of themselves—yes!

This writer sees no more reason, if confined to the bare recital of the incidents, for accepting the statement that water was turned into wine by a word, or that five loaves and two small fishes fed five thousand people and left a surplus of twelve basketfuls, than he sees for believing that Mahomet's coffin hung suspended in mid-air. Take each chapter by itself—the one that tells of the raising of Lazarus from the dead, and the other that tells of that stupendous event, that immeasurably great transaction, the greatest in all history, the Resurrection—who to-day among thoughtful students can accept as literal truth either of those

recitals on any theory of Inspiration, Traditional truth, Infallible text, or Infallible Church? As isolated narratives they have no more intrinsic credibility than have many of the beautiful fables of Aryan or Greek mythology.

Nevertheless, we believe, firmly, fully, absolutely believe, in the face of every argument against miracles that has been brought forward from the days of the scoffing Celsus to the days of the brilliant but embittered Huxley, that in the beautiful country overarched by the lovely and low-hanging sky of Galilee those tremendous miracles did happen at the hands of the great Galilean. Why do we

believe it? To-day, as of old, the abiding answer may be found in His words: Come unto me—unto ME. As in that magnificent and far-famed line describing the Miracle at Cana—

"The conscious water saw its God and blushed,"

so modern and manly doubt, looking long and steadily on Him, may change to manly faith.

Himself a miracle, Himself unparalleled, what ground for doubt should there be that He wrought works without a parallel, works miraculous, and at the last, having conquered nature and conquered the heart of humanity, he conquered death itself.

The divinity of Christ does not rest upon the miracles—the miracles rest upon His divinity.

And even so, we do not believe in Him because of the Resurrection, but we believe in the Resurrection because of Him.

XIV

Seeming Contradictions

XIV

Seeming Contradictions

BUT, did He not say, All power is mine, and at another time say, To sit on my right hand is not mine to give?

Did He not say, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world, and at another time say, But me ye have not always?

At one time He says, If I bear witness of myself my witness is not true, and the same biographer, John, tells us on almost

the same page that He said, Though I bear record of myself yet my record is true.

On one occasion He says, Peace I leave with you, and on another, I came not to send peace but a sword.

Does He not advise the hatred of father, mother, and sister, rather than that men should reject Him, and yet preach a gospel of universal love, and straightway set the seal of sincerity on all His utterances by submitting to the most awful sacrifice that ever stained the annals of our race?

If He asserts with deep solemnity that He and the Father are one, does He not also with strange humility make the

assertion, My Father is greater than I?

How are these and many other seeming contradictions to be reconciled?

Eminent scholars, masters of Oriental languages, will tell us that many of these contradictions are apparent, not real. The fact, however, remains, that the revelations made by Jesus Christ concerning Himself have curious double aspects and phases which cannot be reconciled without a more intimate knowledge of Him than comes from a purely intellectual con-

templation of His utterances. The present writer believes—else this book had not been written—that by such contemplation Christian faith can be strengthened, but he does not believe that in such a way faith can be born. Hence he does not hesitate to say to those who seek that faith that Jesus Christ cannot be *realized* by mere intellectual inspection. Why? Because—adopting the language of the very profoundest of all His interpreters, the chief of His apostles, and the greatest man that ever lived within the confines of the Roman Empire—"The letter killeth."

The letter indeed killeth. It is death in poetry, it is death in art, it is death in all high things of the Spirit.

No fact in the entire history of religious thought is more firmly established and more rarely recognized than the fact that critical study of the text furnishes no clue to the enigma which confronts us in these and kindred passages. Biblical scholarship has dissipated many doubts, overcome many objections, and won many victories in the great controversies which have sprung up around the Imperial Book, but scholarship has not yet plucked the heart out of this mystery, and we may add with perfect confi-

dence, it never will, it never can. No new translation, no newly discovered manuscript, no restoration of missing words, no achievement of the many accomplished scholars who are constantly bringing to the light new treasures in the Four Biographies can solve the problem. The mystery lies beyond the range of Greek lexicon or Hebrew grammar. If it lay within that range, or anywhere within the scope of scientific or philosophic vision, it would not be a mystery, and if there were no element of mystery in the disclosures which the Galilean makes concerning Himself, His rank would have been fixed long since beyond all possible con-

troversy. In the absence of that mystery He would have taken His place many centuries ago as simply a great man, and receded with other great men into the dimness of the remote past.

And yet, more now than ever, men are unwilling to close their eyes to these contradictions. More than ever, thoughtful men are asking a solution. Less than ever is heard the plea that it were better to go peacefully on and in blind, hopeful faith, or perchance from motives of public policy continue to print Bibles, build churches, and solemnly recite the Creed.

Whence came the recoil, now almost universal, from the suggestion of an organized

hypocrisy that would build a church from public or from private policy? From Him—Him who denounced Pharisees. Whence came that ever increasing spirit of free and untrammeled inquiry with which we have bravely entered the new century, a spirit which instantly resents, even indignantly rejects a Faith that lacks visible, palpable, and rational foundation? From Him—Him who said, "Seek and ye shall find." To whom then may we turn for an infallible clue to the perplexing mystery with which the mere text so often confronts us?

To Him.

In these days when thoughtful, educated, and sincere men and women in greater numbers than ever before, are passing up and down the highways and by-paths of modern culture, manifesting their earnest desire for truth by organizing on every hand societies for research, investigating every cult, and looking even to the theosophical mist of the far East with longing eyes for light, is there no strong clear voice to tell them in their own language, from their own point of view, and in their own intellectual mood, the deepest secret of Christianity, and so point out anew the only way to look upon and know the hidden truth? Made in God's own

image these men and women feel and have a right to feel that they may boldly question every Sphinx, or wander in pursuit of the Supernatural, as Hamlet did, up to the heights which make men dizzy, or defy the ingenuity of every modern Daedelus and step bravely forward into every labyrinth. If it walk hand in hand with a wise recognition of the immutable fact that the Finite may discern but cannot comprehend the Infinite, this restless, eager, inquiring Spirit merits praise, not condemnation. Within it lie wonderful possibilities. From it springs that measureless activity which to-day relentlessly dissects all sacred literature. This is the

source from which come our Revised Versions, our Historical Criticism, our Higher Criticism, our Polychrome Bibles, our Popular Bibles, and the long and patient search for corroborative testimony on time-worn monuments and in ancient tombs. All these have a value beyond price, but—

The letter killeth.

Does the Christian scholarship of to-day with its boundless labor and its inestimable achievement realize the fact that it may solve every problem of authorship, manuscript, and

text, and may even place the Book on a thrice impregnable Gibraltar, and yet leave untouched the problem which most perplexes the men and women to whom we have referred? After the splendid work of the painstaking students of this generation is all done—and in the very nature of things their present enormous industry must soon be followed by that exhaustion of energy which demands repose—will the intelligent and critical inquirer find, even in a canon that cannot be questioned, or in a text that is above suspicion, the eagerly sought solution? Alas, No! for—

The letter killeth.

It needs, therefore, to be said, in no dogmatic spirit, however, but in a spirit of cool and accurate statement, with no more of emotion than is involved in an algebraic equation, and with the same scientific precision with which a professor of chemistry would discuss a formula in his class room, it needs to be said wherever Christianity is proclaimed, that the only possible way to learn the essential, or if you please to call it so, the esoteric truth, about Jesus Christ, is to go—to Him. Set aside for the time being every theory of Inspiration, postpone your inquiry into the basis of the miraculous, defer your studies in ecclesiastical history,

and formulate your creed after the material for faith is found, and then fortify faith with dogma—all this is needful and will follow in proper sequence by a law of evolution which obtains in religious thought as well as in the physical world—but first go, go with the closet door shut, go persistently, go with importunity, to Him. If some strange metamorphosis in your mental and moral nature does not follow, and some new light break in upon you, by which you get an insight into these profound mysteries and apparent contradictions—not a full solution, nor even a full comprehension of the great enigma of Man as God and God

as Man, but get a clearer discernment of the Infinite and the Finite in their mutual relations —then, and not till then, may you pronounce the Christian faith irrational and Christianity a failure.

The unalterable and crucial fact in the whole Christian scheme lies just here: If Jesus Christ has not the power in this the twentieth century—now—here—to-day—to verify Himself to the conscience, to the heart, and to the apprehension of men, then He has no permanent standing at all. Then, as time goes on, He must slowly fade and ultimately become only a beautiful memory, and then the

whole sad world will say with Matthew Arnold—

> Now he is dead! Far hence he lies,
> In the lorn Syrian town,
> And on his grave, with shining eyes,
> The Syrian stars look down.

If He indeed did vanish from the earth as other men have vanished; if He is not at this very hour a living, loving, spiritual Intelligence, filling the world and all the heavens with His wonderful Personality; if He is not at hand and accessible now; and if no distinct answer comes from Him in response to our cry, and the Door is not opened when we knock, then there is no way on earth, or in the seas, or under the earth by which we can reach that reasonable certainty which the human

heart, the human soul, and the human mind have a right to demand.

That right He recognizes. That test He invites, entreats, implores.

The letter killeth.

But is not this Mysticism?

Assuredly it is.

And if Christianity in its essence is not mystical, is not at its very heart mysterious, it is nothing.

But is not Christianity the most practical of all religions?

Assuredly it is.

XV

The Sunlight

XV

The Sunlight

AT last, and in the fullness of time, the whole Christian world is face to face with the nations of the Orient, for America has followed England, Germany, Russia, Spain and France into the far East. So swiftly did the curtain rise upon that act in this new and world-wide drama, wherein America made sudden entrance upon the scene, that all Europe, and America herself stood amazed, and as it were, at a pause.

History is soon to repeat itself very strangely—the Wise Men of the East again, and at an early day will gather inquiringly around the Manger and the Child.

And what are we to say to the learned and thoughtful scholars who will come from the great universities of China and from Buddhist temple and Mahometan mosque, with their deep, pertinent, and far-reaching questions?

Never again will the world see a great religious war waged with arms; the impending religious conflict which is to follow the commercial invasion of the regions inhabited by six hundred millions of the human

race will be a conflict with subtler and surer weapons. Across the waters of the wide Pacific is coming, even now, the echo of more than one honest inquiry which must be answered, and answered in that broad and tolerant spirit which marked the Apostolic age.

Do not many of the arguments which support the claims of Christianity support also the claims of the religions of the Orient?

Is not the long continued existence of Buddhism a refuta-

tion of much that is claimed for Christianity?

Why do Buddha and Mahomet survive and command the homage of millions of the human race?

Why does Confucius still rule the minds of a great segment of humanity?

The answer, and the argument, may be summed up in one brief statement: It is an error, a deep and a far-reaching error, to characterize these religions as false religions. Each

contains some truth, much truth, great truth. But the Man of Galilee taught all truth.

He taught the central truth of Buddhism—purity and self-denial—but He taught more.

He taught the high morality of Confucius, but He taught more.

He taught the great doctrine of Mahomet—the existence, unity, and omnipotence of one God—but He taught more.

He accepted the divine legation of Moses, and recognized the exalted and exclusive mission of the Jewish race, but speaking as if He were the God Himself who had instituted the Hebrew Code, He sets aside parts of it as having fulfilled

their purpose—and then adds more.

In these fundamental truths, held in common, lies the basis for the ultimate coalescence of all religions; in that *more*, which the Galilean taught, lies the assurance of His ultimate and undisputed supremacy.

Each of these religions gives light, but one is starlight, one is as the twilight, one is the light of the dawn, and one is—sunlight.

Kant says that we cannot avoid considering the Sermon on the Mount as the Word of God. Hegel says that the

Chinese religion is that of measure or temperate conduct: Brahminism that of dream life: Buddhism that of self-involvement: the religion of Egypt that of Enigma symbolized by the Sphinx: that of Greece the religion of Beauty: the Jewish that of Sublimity: but the religion of Christ is the absolute religion.

XVI

Behold the King

XV

Behold the King

WE have said that humanity always seeks a king.

The Man of Galilee, at the close of His career, standing before Pilate, says with regal dignity and majesty,

> **I am a King, and every true man is my subject.**

He is indeed a King, morally a King, intellectually a King, every inch a King.

His Kingdom is almost world-wide.

The highest geniuses of earth bow before Him.

The greatest poets in the world praise Him.

The best of art is His.

The noblest of architecture is His.

The gems of literature are His.

The loftiest music of the ages is His.

Countless millions of human hearts are His.

Ecce Homo.

Ecce Deus!

Ecce Rex!!

I say the acknowledgment of God in Christ,
Accepted by the reason, solves for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it.

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